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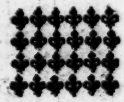
COLONEL HUSON'S (Or the COBLER'S) CONFESSION, In a Fit of DESPAIR.

Taken in Short-hand by the Pen of a Ready-Writer.

Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.
The Devil would be Gods Ape.

Hewson (J.)
k



Printed according to Order.

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Huſon's Confeſſion.

Enter Huſon *in a melancholly poſture with an Halter about his neck.*

Huſon.

Did the wheel of Fortune ever move ſo ſwiftly as now? Was I not but t'other day above the Parliament, the Lawes, the City, and the Good old Cauſe? Nay, did I not lay aſide all other Conſiderations to imagine to my ſelf greater aſcents to dominion, ſince Fortune denied me nothing I could propoſe to my ſelf? Have all my Familiars forſaken me, who was ſo lately their deareſt Favourite? Is there no way left to evade diſgrace and ruine, but to precipitate all my Honors from this beam, and terminate my vaſt attempts in the narrow compaſſe of a nooſe? Had not I better have ſticht my ambition to my in-ſole & tackt them cloſe to the Laſt, than thus at length to become my own hangman, when the world is not ſo courteous as to afford me any other (ſince none ſo vile) Executioner? Since the caſe is no otherwiſe, nor will be mended without my end, I will make uſe of ſuch a one, as (if exerciſed ſooner) might have prevented much miſchief this Kingdome hath received

Ties the rope.

Points to the beam.

ceived by my bloudy ambition, and have made the World rather pity than (as now it will) deride my misery.

Enter *Pluto* in grave Attire.

Pluto. *Is not this the voice of my most devoted Servant?*

Huſon. Your dejected, deſerted, deſpairing Caſt-away.

Pluto. *How! Caſt-away? is my ſervice grown ſo contemptible, as to bring my moſt intimate Favorites into this condition?*

Huſon. I aſcribe not my miſery to any other cauſe than my own folly & miſcarriage, whereby I have ſo diſappointed the deſigns of my good Lord, that I am not worthy to be named in your preſence.

Pluto. *Away, away with this whining humor of melancholly, doſt think to do me ſervice and thy ſelf honour by this puling kind of deſpair, upon every diſcouragement; I am very ſenſible of thy miſcarriages not without the higheſt aggravations, I have all along been no leſſe than a father unto thee, have fitted thee for my ſervice, preſerved thee from the infection of learning, wit, civility, or any real ſence of religion or ingenuity; furniſht thee with cruelty enough, diſſimulation in the moſt perfect form of plain ſimple honeſty, continually inſpired thee not onely with counſel but courage, for many high attempts, ſo that there is nothing left in thee at laſt but what is meerly connatural*

natural to my ſelf and of my free gift. And yet that after all this, you ſhould deſert my wonted providence, and rely more upon your own judgement than my dictates was a provocation not expreſſible but by my eternal fury. I muſt tell thee, had Noll *or* Bradſhaw *ever ſo much forgotten themſelves, or me their great Lord, I ſhould not have been wrought to ſuch lenity by any perſwaſions: but ſince thy penitence hath wrought ſo high upon thy ſpirit, I will reveal a ſecret of moſt high conſolation to thy ſelf. I have long ſince determined, upon thy faithful ſervice to me in this world, not onely to advance thy honours and fortunes here to the higheſt degree, but in my infernal Kingdome to preferre thee to the chief general-ſhip of my dreadful Legions: and from this my grace and favour to thee no ordinary provocation ſhall divert me, therefore draw near and make an humble and penitent confeſſion before me, in order to thy re-admiſſion into my favour.*

Huſon. I moſt humbly confeſſe, to thy infernal Majeſty, thy bleſſed *Jezabel*; thy Saints *Cain*, *Herod*, and *Judas*, *Core*, *Dathan* and *Abiram*, *Nero*, *Julian*, *Machiavil*, and *Ravilliack*, *John of Leyden*, *Knipper Doling*, *Melchier*, *Hofman*, and *Muncer*, *Jack Sraw*, *Jack Cade* and *Wat Tyler*, thy devout Servants, *Enoch ap Evan*, *Pym*, and *Hacket*. Thy Great Officers of State and zealous aſſertors of thy Good old Cauſe (now with thee) *Cromwel*, *Prideaux*, *Williams* and *Bradſhaw*, with thy innumerable Army of Tyburn and Smithfield Martyrs, and to all thy company of black

Kneels before him.

black Angels and infernal Spirits, &c. That I have offended againſt thee my Ghoſtly Father, in word, thought and deed, by my faults, my faults, my great faults. Firſt, that when it was in my Power and thy Commands, I neglected utterly to deſtroy the Rump of the Long Parliament, taking them for thy ſervants as well as my ſelf, and therefore not ſo ſtrictly hearkning to, and obeying thy commands as I ought in duty to have done.

Pluto. *I deny not but they were my Servants, did my works, and ſtill do, but this is no excuſe for your neglecting my poſitive commands, ſince my ſecret deſignes are not fully known, nor can be to my beſt ſervants on earth; but go on.*

Huſon. Secondly, that when thou hadſt put it into my heart, (upon the Apprentiſes football play) on Munday the 5. of *Decemb.* to take the opportunity to deſtroy men, women, and children, in the City of *London*, and make prize of their eſtates thereby to engage the Army to go on in thy ſervice under my command, I did not proſecute the deſign further than the death of a few innocent perſons, to the greater prejudice than promotion of thy ſervice.

Pluto. *Theſe are humbling faults with a witneſſe, and ſhould teach the avoyding of the like for future.*

Huſon. That when there appeared no other meanes for the upholding the intereſt of thy ſervants, but onely the firing of the City of *London* with Granadoes, and ſo diſtreſſing thine

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and our enemies; through diffidence and want of courage I waved that thy great design. The consideration of which my most grievous offence, so increases my confusion and sorrow for this and other the like enormities, that expressions fail me, and I can go no further at this time, but humbly desire pardon from you my Ghostly Father and great Protector and all your infernal and forementioned Saints and Servants, for these and all other the like my transgressions, with a hearty promise of double diligence in thy works of darkness for time to come.

Pluto. *I am satisfied in thy confession and upon thy hearty repentance for these thy faults, and the renewing of thy obedience for the future, do absolve thee by my own terrible name, and that black infernal lake in my Kingdome; therefore arise, and for thy penance let this thy confession be forthwith publisht to all my servants in the world, lest they by the like incogitancy renew thy miscarriages; but let my lenity in this small penance obliege you to an increase of your diligence in my service for time to come: and for a further testimony of my paternall affection, in especial to you upon the renewing of your obedience thus to me take some of my advice in general, and for particular occasions I and my spiritual servants will never fail in our assistance.*

I. Be sure never to attempt any great thing without the specious pretence of Religion, and the Good old Cause.

II. Never condescend to any thing in favour

of

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of the family of the Stuarts, *but remain their inveterate enemy.*

III. To your utmoſt, obſtruct the ſettlement of any Government whatſoever in the Church.

IV. In all places ſhew your ſelf a moſt zealous aſſertor of liberty of conſcience.

V. Incline to all factions whatſoever, but be ſure never cleave to any particular.

If thou ſhalt be conſtant and faithful in obſerving theſe my general rules, and all my particular dictates, thou ſhalt find by an uncontrol'd proſperity, that thou art not the leaſt in my favour, and at laſt a far greater preferment in my fiery region, then this world affords.

Huſ. If ever I fail in performing (to my utmoſt) your commands, account me as I am unworthy the honour of your favorite.

Pluto. *The greateſt happineſſe I give my beſt Servants, ſhall attend thy moſt proſperous attempts, dear ſonne,*

Vale.

FINIS.

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